

The Evening World.

ESTABLISHED BY JOSEPH PULITZER.
Published Daily Except Sundays by The Evening World Publishing Company, 22 to 24 Park Row, New York.
RALPH PULITZER, President, 65 Park Row.
J. ANGELO SHAW, Treasurer, 65 Park Row.
JOSEPH PULITZER, Jr., Secretary, 65 Park Row.

MEMBER OF THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.
The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for republication of all news dispatches credited to it or its wire service, and also the local news published herein.

THE ASSASSINATION OF PREMIER HARA.

THE people of the United States were deeply shocked yesterday at the news that Premier Hara of Japan had been assassinated.

On the eve of the momentous conference at Washington that means so much to the world, the death of Japan's liberal and progressive Prime Minister is a sad loss.

At the present writing it seems possible the assassination may represent a blow struck by reactionary, Old Guard militarism in Japan against the new movement toward international co-operation and disarmament.

Premier Hara was a commoner and a civilian. His proposal to act as Minister of the Navy during Admiral Kato's absence at Washington had been deeply resented in both navy and army circles in Japan. Such feeling might easily have led some unbalanced mind, or group of minds, to think they were serving a threatened class or order by striking him down.

Whatever its motive, the deed should react in Japan and at Washington to increase devotion to the great purpose toward which the liberalism of Hara was expected to contribute.

The reactionary element in Japan did not like the dead Premier's policy of seeking to meet the wishes and plans of the United States for the Conference on the Limitation of Armament.

The progressive element in Japan is likely to take his death as a new dedication to the larger aims with which his character and career were associated.

May the results at Washington so prove.

Trying to make campaign capital out of the milk drivers' strike is what one would expect of Hylan. Anything that beckons a vote.

SHAKESPEARE FOR SCHOOL CHILDREN.

THOUSANDS of New York school children are to enjoy a free matinee performance of "Hamlet" next Wednesday as guests of E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe.

This is an undertaking that deserves praise. It shows that our leading Shakespearian players are as big as their art and recognize their obligation to the Shakespearian tradition.

In recent years this country and England have been ashamed to find that Shakespeare in translation is more appreciated in Germany than in the original in the English-speaking nations.

If there is to be adequate appreciation of Shakespeare, it must come from the rising generation. Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe can hardly expect to profit personally by arousing childish interest in Shakespeare's drama. The children of to-day will be paying patrons of those who follow the present leaders.

These two distinguished artists must be credited with unselfish concern for the future in giving New York children an introduction to "Hamlet." But if the artists draw inspiration from the audience, "Hamlet" will be at its best. The children will appreciate the treat.

It is interesting to learn through the Christian Advocate, in a compilation made by Dr. O. S. Baketel, editor of the Year Book, that the largest Methodist congregation in America is that of a colored church, East Calvary, in Philadelphia, numbering 3,420 communicants. St. Mark's colored church in New York has 1,946 members. The strongest white congregation, North Woodward, Detroit, has a membership of 3,117.

THE PRESIDENT ON THE BUDGET.

THE President's letter on the budget announces that the estimates for 1922 have been cut \$94,000,000 since August.

That \$94,000,000 is a huge sum to ordinary folk. It staggers the imagination. It is intended to impress the voter.

But \$94,000,000 represents a cut of less than 2 1/2 per cent. of the expected expenditures. Expressed in percentages, it shrinks. Most business men expect to do business a good deal more than 2 1/2 per cent. cheaper next year than this.

Even so, any Government must be allowed some credit if it does not plan to spend more than ever before. In particular, President Harding and Mr. Dawes will deserve credit if they stick to the estimates and refuse to permit Congress to raise them.

One paragraph of the letter is less than frank. It is positively tricky. The "aggregate reduction in expenditures" is swelled to a more imposing total by "a reduction of \$170,000,000 provided for out of public debt receipts."

This is obscure—probably by design. The average reader will look at the total and will not bother what this means. What it probably does signify is that the Treasury plans to issue bonds or certificates of indebtedness to cover payments it had

planned to meet from current funds. Mr. Mellon, more frank than the President, said as much to Congress.

What this means translated into the ordinary phraseology of business is that the Government proposes to renew its notes and put off immediate payment of some of the money it owes.

Then why not say so? Why try to make it appear that this is a "reduction in expenditures"?

The present Administration has a great opportunity to give the budget system a good start. If it is to have a fair show of gaining public confidence, the Administration should be candid and explain matters in language all can understand. Certainly we should not be led to believe that we can save money by putting off our debts.

AT THE CROSSWAYS.

WOMEN were able to do what men could not.

Feminine volunteers were able to stand at the crossways of the city with placards exposing the absolute falsity of Mayor Hylan's parrot-like claim that he is the savior of the 5-cent fare.

The crossways of the city are the transfer points. Four years ago there were 2,365 free transfer points. Today there are only 358 free transfer points.

To-day there are 227 transfer corners where it costs 2 cents additional to complete the ride.

To-day there are 1,780 transfer points where passengers pay an extra nickel if they want to ride.

The place to brand the Hylan 5-cent fake is the place where people pay the extra fares. The Coalitionists tried to make an effective appeal by sending out men with placards. Rowdism by the Hylanites and persecution by the Hylanized police made this impossible. The men were not permitted to keep their placards showing.

Then women volunteers stepped in. They were more successful. The rowdies and the police didn't dare molest them. They kept the banners of truth flying where they would do the most good—at the crossways where people are paying 7-cent fares and 10-cent fares.

Would there were 100 women volunteers for every one now serving. If every 10-cent fare transfer point were placarded Monday, the 5-cent fake would be an exploded myth before the polls opened Tuesday morning.

It would be a fine omen for woman's entry into municipal politics if women could drive home only one truth and brand only one fake in this election. Woman can do some things that man cannot. Displaying truth at the crossroads seems to be one of them.

Mr. Untermyer has finally suggested the real significance of that mysterious middle initial in the Mayor's name. It doesn't mean "Faithful." It stands for "Fake."

FOOTBALL'S EXUBERANT HEALTH.

GRANTING good weather, most of the big football matches are expected to draw larger crowds than ever before. There seems to be a rising wave of football enthusiasm. One athletic manager after another has been reporting applications in excess of supply for games to-day and for the rest of the season.

When the various modern "bowls," "stadiums" and athletic fields were originally built there were doubters who couldn't imagine that sport lovers could ever be induced to fill such huge structures. But they are proving all too small. Football, at many colleges, provides a surplus to finance the less profitable athletic ventures.

Open play rules, numbering of players and the housecleaning that purged the game of professionalism have popularized it until it runs an easy second to baseball in popular favor.

Here's hoping Saturday weather in November will be fair and with temperatures to suit both players and spectators.

Mayor CURRAN or Mayor Hylan?

TWICE OVERS.

"THE (Transit) Commission's plan has nothing to do with politics, and its action will not be affected either one way or the other by the issue of the election."—The Transit Commission.

"IT is a wonderful country—what a size. We travel, travel and travel, and still we have lots more to go."—Marshall Foch.

"FORGET the vendetta. If you think you are helping me by knifing the ticket, forget it. You will do me a big favor by voting the Coalition ticket from top to bottom."—Aldermanic President La Guardia to Italian voters.

"I KNOW that the Prime Minister wishes to come to America."—Lord Lee of Fareham.

"WE have indeed great problems yet to solve. We are dealing with questions of railroads, farms, shops, and of instruments of commerce and industry, but in the background of every person's mind there is the fact that we are dealing not with mechanical things but that we are concerned with the problems of men, women and children."—Herbert Hoover.

Rough Going!

Copyright, 1921, by the Press Publishing Co.
(The New York Evening World).

By John Cassel



From Evening World Readers

What kind of letter do you find most readable? Isn't it the one that gives the worth of a thousand words in a couple of hundred? There is fine mental exercise and a lot of satisfaction in trying to say much in few words. Take time to be brief.

Cutting Down the Schools.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

You, editor, and those readers who have read the figures of the budget that was passed upon last week—is not your conscience stricken with the memory of the utterly insignificant amount apportioned to the Board of Education? Do you feel an inward pride in being a resident of a city that reduces an already small appropriation to the educational department of a city of 6,000,000 people to an amount that means the abolition of many of its educational centers? Those questions are asked in a sincere manner.

I had barely started a course in commercial designing at the Harlem Evening Trade School when word came that the class would have to be discontinued because of lack of funds caused by the action of the Board of Estimate and Apportionment in reducing the appropriation for schools. Last week, while attending a lecture at the Woodstock Library, announced that the Board of Estimate and Apportionment the course may have to be discontinued, together with twenty-three other lecture centers throughout the city. And all because of a small sum of about \$30,000 for the ensuing year. That amount, representing the reduction in the total amount asked for by the Board of Education, is a lopping off of one-third of the amount appropriated to the Lecture Department last year.

Before final action was taken upon the budget I communicated with Henry Bruckner, President of the Borough of the Bronx, relative to the matter, but received little satisfaction. Realizing the futility of the appeals of one citizen, I discontinued my efforts.

Is it not a poor commentary for a metropolis to attack the Educational Department in order to present the budget, before election time, indicating a reduction in expenditures? Is it not damnable, in the face of the recent graft exposures in the dock stations in New York? It is a matter that ought to be brought before the attention of the voters of this city. Yours very truly,

ISIDORE GREENGOLD,
No. 857 Tinton Avenue, Bronx.

Entitled to Service.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Violence all over town in the milk drivers' strike. This fine bunch of unionized degenerates (Mr. Strauss calls them very fittingly, "organized murderers") promised men to deliver milk to hospitals. Instead, they drag people, who "dare" supply these institutions with milk, and sell the contents of the containers they are carrying into the streets. They are being fined \$10 and in courts for disorderly conduct. If that is punishment for people who deprive the

public of the most necessary food, just because they don't care to work for a living wage and refuse to let others do it, when it is high time we get some laws with teeth enough to make them behave. If the police can't handle these 9,000 roughnecks, get out the militia and Federal troops if that should prove necessary. We are entitled to the service the companies are willing to furnish.

LAW AND ORDER.
New York, Nov. 2, 1921.

From a Former Driver.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Where do you think the "public" stands in the present milk strike? It seems to me that if the men win the public will have to "pay the piper" and stand for a "Soviet rule" delivery service.

The milk drivers are dependent upon public patronage, yet they abuse the public unmercifully for a few extra dollars in pay—wages which under present conditions are unwarranted.

In this strike something should be done so that another one can never occur again. The only way to prevent another strike is an open shop, or order, even over a stableman, to say nothing of an inspector exercising any authority over the men. They all stand pat. "One unit (unionized). We rule. We command! Our will must be obeyed or we will quit. The milk companies and the public can starve." B. J. D.
Brooklyn, Nov. 2, 1921.

The Milkman's Job.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
I have been a reader of your valuable paper for years and noticed your editorial in yesterday's Evening World on the milk drivers' strike. May I say a few words?

In the first place, I happen to be one of Borden's drivers, and never heard of any driver getting \$25 or anywhere near it per week, including commission. The highest paid is at an average of \$50, and that is not in all cases. However, why pick on the milk men? There isn't a man on the face of the earth who works any harder. The average man works seven or eight hours and gets a half day off Saturday and a vacation in the summer. The milk driver does not know what a vacation is. He works twelve to fourteen hours Monday and Tuesday, and from eight to ten hours every day in the week. One day a week off is a recent innovation. Every day in the year, Christmas and New Year's and all holidays and Sundays, the public expect milk delivered. Very little consideration the driver gets for disorderly conduct. The work cannot be called unskilled labor, and unless the

UNCOMMON SENSE

By John Blake

(Copyright, 1921, by John Blake)

"KNOWLEDGE COMES BUT WISDOM LINGERS."

Knowledge is not necessarily power. It is useful. It is essential. But without wisdom it is worthless.

There are in the world hundreds of very learned men who do not contribute as much to its progress as the newsboy who sold you this newspaper.

There are masters of many languages, men deep in mathematics and in the literature of the world, whose knowledge is of no use to any one but themselves.

And knowledge which is only valuable to its possessor is not the kind of knowledge to get.

Moreover going back to the quotation which we take for a title to this article, knowledge does not endure.

The profound student of law can learn the decisions in many cases and make a deep impression on the court room by citing them offhand.

But his opponent who knows enough human nature to swing the jury is worth a dozen of him.

The wise man gathers knowledge for the purpose of using it, not for the purpose of displaying it.

He knows that no matter how much he knows, it is the use that he makes of his knowledge that counts.

Abraham Lincoln was not a learned man, but he was a wise man. And because he was a wise man he did the most important piece of work in all American history.

Epictetus, the Greek slave, was not profoundly learned though wisely versed in philosophy. It was his wisdom, not his learning, that made his teachings endure through the centuries.

There are many men stuffed with knowledge who are tedious bores in conversation and who are avoided whenever possible by all their fellowmen.

There are many men with little reading whose natural wisdom makes them much sought after as counsellors.

To such men knowledge would be very useful, for they would know what to do with it. And most of them, if opportunity offers, acquire knowledge because of their interest in the world and their thirst to know about it and the people who dwell therein.

But get wisdom while you are getting knowledge. Puzzle out the problems as you go along. Keep your mind at work and profit by your experiences.

It is the wisdom of the great soldier which enables him to meet a situation which has never arisen before.

It is the wisdom of the obscure man in the little town which enables him to find peace and happiness.

There is nothing so valuable to you as wisdom—nothing for which the world will pay so much when it discovers that you possess it.

driver is a pretty good bookkeeper he cannot work for Borden. He is responsible for every dollar in the book, and he alone loses out for any mistakes on his part. There is a good deal more attached to being a milk driver than the public thinks, and I don't see any men breaking their necks looking for the job. Nine men out of ten either quit because it's too much work or because they are not up to their bookkeeping. Take it from one who knows.

DRIVER OF HACKENSACK.
Hackensack, Nov. 2, 1921.

From the Wise

In the world a man lives in his own age; in solitude, in all the ages.—Wm. Matthews.

In their first passions women love the lover, in the others they love love.—La Rochefoucauld.

Marriage in haste we may repent at leisure.—Congreve.

TURNING THE PAGES

—BY—

E. W. Osborn

Copyright, 1921, by the Press Publishing Co.
(The New York Evening World).

DREAMS are made in the moon, my dear.

On her shining hillside steep,
Pleasant and irrefragable and gay and queer.

They're piled in a silver heap,
And many fairies with buzzing wings
Are busy with hammers and wheels
and things,

Making the dreams that night-time brings
To all little boys asleep.

And if a boy has been good all day,
When sleep in his bed he lies,
The fairies come with a moonbeam bright

And slide him up to the skies,
And there he sails as the Moon King's guest,
And chooses the dreams he likes the best.

Then slide him back to his nursery nest
And leave him rubbing his eyes.

A rather neat little poem of childhood which we have slipped out of "Youngsters" (Dutton), a book of collected verses by Burges Johnson.

A Message From Vishnu—

This is a legend, retold in "Tall Tales" (Mitchell Kennerly), of what happened to the stone of essays from Vishnu, the Great God, the leaves of which had been scattered by one of India's mighty tempests.

Over Japan and China, and ships through the calm air, the leaves of Vishnu's message fell upon the earth, two in a place, but scattered so widely that they could not be gathered together.

The message would have been entirely lost, except that as each part reached the earth a strange thing took place.

As each fluttering talisman leaf fell to the ground it was transformed. It became the stone of essays, a wall, there the blue of a kinkadee's wing; one the beat of a temple drum; another the laugh of a child in Japan.

Some fell in cities, some on mountain tops, some in the water and some in desert sands.

Sweeter, thereafter, was the perfume of the jasmine, more splendid the sunset glow.

No leaf was lost, and there came upon the people of the Orient a strange content, and Vishnu said, "It is well."

We like to read into this idyll of the East an omen of hope for ideals of the West as written on leaves scattered by reactionary gales after the war.

A temple wall of Peace, a child's laugh in a world free of war, a temple—these transformations yet will come!

The Dream versus the Struggle—

Writing of the future and the fortune-teller in his book of essays, "If I May" (Dutton), A. A. Milne says:

It is "the tall dark man" which the amateur crystal gazer really wants. He doesn't want the future.

Nobody is going to pay two guineas to be told that he will be off his drive next Saturday and have a stomach-ache on the following Monday. He wants something a little more romantic than that.

Even if he is never going to be influenced by a tall dark man from India, it makes life a little more interesting to be told that he is going to be.

For the average man finds life very uninteresting as it is. And I think that the reason why he finds it uninteresting is that he is always waiting for something to happen to him instead of setting to work to make things happen.

For one person I know dreams of earning £2,500 a year. Another dream of being left £50,000.

Imagine that a young man went to a crystal-gazer, and was told that he would work desperately hard for the next twenty years, and would by that time have earned (and saved) a fortune. He would be very disappointed. He would be told that he was a failure.

No, the young man would merely go to the next fortune-teller and ask if the crystal told the truth.

It is the eternal procession of the fake prophets that keeps the game going.

Gifts for Social Classes—

Outside of her novel, "The Marriotti and the Powells" (Macmillan), which she styles "a tribal chronicle," Isabella Holt answers an English query as to American social distinctions partly in these words:

A billion dollars will not of itself establish its owner's rank; but two millions will. It is more money than necessary in one hand and a little more breeding in the other; a little more brains in one and a little more charm in the other; a great deal of kindness in one and a moderate amount of honesty in the other; these are our mushroom coats-of-arms.

And inherited assets can never fill more than one hand; a man must bring his own gift besides, or he is negligible.

The old Yankee proverb of the "three generations from shirt-sleeves to shirt-sleeves" derives, of course, from the frequency with which grandsons neglect to maintain this two-handed social requisite.

Laughing Youth, Smiling Age—

Part of a page of Max Beerbohm's "And Even Now" (Dutton), a book of casual philosophies:

There is much of it in smiles. Laughter is but a joyous surrender; smiles give token of mature criticism.

And you will have observed with me in the club that some of the men at most times look solemn, whereas old men or men of middle age, mostly smiling, and also that those young men do often laugh loud and long among themselves, while we, the gayest and the best of us in the most favorable circumstances, seldom achieve more than our habitual act of smiling.

Does the sound of that laughter jar on us? Do we liken it to the crackling of thorns under a pot? Let us do so. There is no cheerier sound. But let us not assume it to be the laughter of fools because we are silent.

But that I do still, at the age of forty-seven, laugh often and loud and long. But not, I believe, so long and loud as often as in my less smiling youth.

And I am proud, nowadays, of laughing at things which a poet would make me laugh at.

No longer take laughter as a matter of course. I realize, even after reading M. Bergson on it, how good a thing it is. I am qualified to praise it.

Portentously or impertinently, we recall that one may "smile, and smile, and be a villain."

But the laughter of the villain is it not always hollow, by the book?